

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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### Review of New Books.

*A History of New York, from the beginning of the World to the end of the Dutch Dynasty; containing, among many surprising and curious Matters, the Unutterable ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the Disastrous Projects of William the Testy, and the Chivalric Achievements of Peter the Headstrong, the three Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam: being the only authentic History of the Times that ever hath been published.* By Diedrich Knickerbocker. 8vo. pp. 520. London, 1820.

MR. DIEDRICK KNICKERBOCKER is no stranger to our readers, although, we doubt not, his name is; since he is the Geoffrey Crayon, alias Mr. Washington Irving, of whom we have had, on more than one occasion, the pleasure of speaking in terms of unqualified approbation. The History of New York, which is now printed for the first (though we venture to predict not the last) time in this country, is one of his earliest productions. It is a *jeu d'esprit*, which, under the semblance of a History of New York, from the creation to the time of its becoming an English colony, gives a humorous and at the same time a philosophical view of the state of society as it exists at present, with many ingenious observations on the causes which have rendered the United States so heterogeneous in her laws, manners, customs, and population.

In an introduction, written in the true Jedediah Cleishbotham stile, we have an account of the author, Mr. Knickerbocker, who took up his quarters at the Independent Columbian Hotel, in Mulberry Street, where he wrote this history; and having quitted his lodgings without giving due notice, and forgetting at the same time to settle his bill, the landlord, Mr. Seth Handaside, after advertising him in all the newspapers without hearing anything of him, dipped into a pair of old saddle bags which he had left, and found them to contain a few articles of worn out clothes, and a large bundle of blotted paper. That blotted paper proved to be 'a most excellent and faithful History of New York,' which he immediately published to indemnify him for the expenses incurred by the author. So much we learn from Mr. Handaside; the remainder of Mr. Knickerbocker's history, we have from the editor. It appears that, on leaving the Columbian Hotel, he retired to a small Dutch village on the banks of the Hudson, where, by accident, he heard of the publication of his MS. This induced him to return to New York, as he was anxious to make such corrections and alterations as subsequent information on the subject would enable him to do:—

'On his return, he entered into the full enjoyment of the advantages of a literary reputation. He was continually im-

portuned to write advertisements, petitions, hand-bills, and productions of similar import; and, although he never meddled with the public papers, yet had he the credit of writing innumerable essays and smart things, that appeared on all subjects, and all sides of the question; in all which he was clearly detected "by his style."

'He contracted, moreover, a considerable debt at the post-office, in consequence of the numerous letters he received from authors and printers soliciting his subscription; and he was applied to by every charitable society for yearly donations, which he gave very cheerfully, considering these applications as so many compliments. He was once invited to a great corporation dinner; and was even twice summoned to attend as a juryman at the court of quarter sessions. Indeed, so renowned did he become, that he could no longer pry about, as formerly, in all holes and corners of the city, according to the bent of his humour, unnoticed and uninterrupted; but several times, when he has been sauntering the streets, on his usual rambles of observation, equipped with his cane and cocked hat, the little boys at play have been known to cry, "There goes Diedrich!"—at which the old gentleman seemed not a little pleased, looking upon these salutations in the light of the praises of posterity.

'In a word, if we take into consideration all these various honours and distinctions, together with an exuberant eulogium passed on him in the Port Folio (with which, we are told, the old gentleman was so much overpowered, that he was sick for two or three days), it must be confessed that few authors have ever lived to receive such illustrious rewards, or have so completely enjoyed in advance their own immortality.'

The old gentleman did not live long to enjoy his popularity, but died of a fever at a little rural retreat on the borders of one of the salt marshes beyond Corlear's Hook. Our readers need not to be told that New York was originally a Dutch settlement, with the name of New Amsterdam, and that it fell under the dominion of England in the reign of Charles the Second. The Dutch, who may be supposed to have transferred their local habits to the new world, are most happily described. The work consists of seven books, subdivided into numerous chapters. The titles of some of the chapters are highly amusing; one contains a multitude of excellent theories, by which the creation of a world is shown to be no such difficult matter as common folks would imagine; another details 'how that famous navigator Noah was shamefully nick-named; and how he committed an unpardonable oversight in not having four sons; with the great trouble caused thereby, and the discovery of America.'

In speaking of the first Europeans taking possession of America, the author has the following severely satirical but just reflections on the rights of discovery and of conquest. He says,—

'In entering upon a newly discovered uncultivated country, therefore, the new comers were but taking possession of what, according to the aforesaid doctrine, was their own property—therefore in opposing them, the savages were invading their just rights, infringing the immutable laws of nature,

and counteracting the will of heaven—therefore they were guilty of impiety, burglary, and trespass on the case,—therefore they were hardened offenders against God and man—therefore they ought to be exterminated.

' But a more irresistible right than either that I have mentioned, and one which will be the most readily admitted by my reader, provided he be blessed with bowels of charity and philanthropy, is the right acquired by civilization. All the world knows the lamentable state in which these poor savages were found: not only deficient in the comforts of life, but what is still worse, most piteously and unfortunately blind to the miseries of their situation. But no sooner did the benevolent inhabitants of Europe behold their sad condition than they immediately went to work to ameliorate and improve it. They introduced among them rum, gin, brandy, and the other comforts of life,—and it is astonishing to read how soon the poor savages learnt to estimate these blessings,—they likewise made known to them a thousand remedies, by which the most inveterate diseases are alleviated and healed; and that they might comprehend the benefits and enjoy the comforts of these medicines, they previously introduced among them the diseases which they were calculated to cure. By these and a variety of other methods was the condition of these poor savages wonderfully improved; they acquired a thousand wants, of which they had before been ignorant; and, as he has most sources of happiness who has most wants to be gratified, they were doubtlessly rendered a much happier race of beings.

' But the most important branch of civilization, and which has most strenuously been extolled by the zealous and pious fathers of the Romish church, is the introduction of the Christian faith. It was truly a sight that might well inspire horror, to behold these savages stumbling among the dark mountains of paganism, and guilty of the most horrible ignorance of religion. It is true, they neither stole nor defrauded; they were sober, frugal, continent, and faithful to their word; but, though they acted right habitually, it was all in vain, unless they acted so from precept. The new comers, therefore, used every method to induce them to embrace and practise the true religion,—except, indeed, that of setting them the example.

' But, notwithstanding all these complicated labours for their good, such was the unparalleled obstinacy of these stubborn wretches, that they ungratefully refused to acknowledge the strangers as their benefactors, and persisted in disbelieving the doctrines they endeavoured to inculcate; most insolently alleging, that from their conduct, the advocates of Christianity did not seem to believe in it themselves. Was not this too much for human patience?—would not one suppose that the benign visitants from Europe, provoked at their incredulity, and discouraged by their stiff-necked obstinacy, would for ever have abandoned their shores, and consigned them to their original ignorance and misery?—But no,—so zealous were they to effect the temporal comfort and eternal salvation of these pagan infidels, that they even proceeded from the milder means of persuasion to the more painful and troublesome one of persecution,—let loose among them whole troops of fiery monks and furious bloodhounds,—purified them by fire and sword, by stake and faggot; in consequence of which indefatigable measures, the cause of Christian love and charity was so rapidly advanced, that in a very few years not one-fifth of the number of unbelievers existed in South America that were found there at the time of its discovery.

' What stronger right need the European settlers advance to the country than this? Have not whole nations of uninformed savages been made acquainted with a thousand impious wants and indispensable comforts, of which they were before wholly ignorant? Have they not been literally hunted and smoked out of the dens and lurking-places of ignorance and infidelity, and absolutely scourged into the right path? Have not the temporal things, the vain baubles and filthy lucre of this world, which were too apt to engage their worldly and selfish thoughts, been benevolently taken from them;

and have they not, instead thereof, been taught to set their affections on things above?—And finally, to use the words of a reverend Spanish father, in a letter to his superior in Spain,—"Can any one have the presumption to say that these savage Pagans have yielded any thing more than an inconsiderable recompense to their benefactors; in surrendering to them a little pitiful tract of this dirty sublunary planet, in exchange for a glorious inheritance in the kingdom of heaven!"

' Here, then, are three complete and undeniable sources of right established, any one of which was more than ample to establish a property in the newly discovered regions of America. Now, so it has happened in certain parts of this delightful quarter of the globe, that the right of discovery has been so strenuously asserted—the influence of cultivation so industriously extended, and the progress of salvation and civilization so zealously prosecuted, that, what with their attendant wars, persecutions, oppressions, diseases, and other partial evils that often hang on the skirts of great benefits—the savage aborigines have, somehow or another, been utterly annihilated,—and this all at once brings me to a fourth right, which is worth all the others put together.—For, the original claimants to the soil being all dead and buried, and no one remaining to inherit or dispute the soil, the Spaniards, as the next immediate occupants, entered upon the possession as clearly as the hangman succeeds to the clothes of the malefactor,—and as they have Blackstone and all the learned expounders of the law on their side, they may set all actions of ejectment at defiance—and this last right may be entitled 'the right by extermination,' or in other words, 'the right by gunpowder.'

' But, lest any scruples of conscience should remain on this head, and to settle the question of right for ever, his Holiness Pope Alexander VI. issued a bull, by which he generously granted the newly discovered quarter of the globe to the Spaniards and Portuguese; who, thus having law and gospel on their side, and being inflamed with great spiritual zeal, showed the Pagan savages neither favour nor affection, but prosecuted the work of discovery, colonization, civilization, and extermination, with ten times more fury than ever.'

As our limits will not permit us to trace the progress of this history, we can only seize on such passages as appear to us to possess the greatest merit, and to be the more easily detached. The following reasons why an alderman should be fat, will, we doubt not, meet with the approbation of the whole corporation of London; who, in gratitude to the author, ought to present him with the freedom of the city. The author is here giving an account of the grand council of New Amsterdam:—

' The ancient magistrates of this city corresponded with those of the present time no less in form, magnitude, and intellect, than in prerogative and privilege. The burgomasters, like our aldermen, were generally chosen by weight—and not only the weight of the body, but likewise the weight of the head. It is a maxim practically observed in all honest, plain thinking, regular cities, that an alderman should be fat—and the wisdom of this can be proved to a certainty. That the body is in some measure an image of the mind, or rather that the mind is moulded to the body, like melted lead to the clay in which it is cast, has been insisted on by many philosophers, who have made human nature their peculiar study;—For, as a learned gentleman of our own city observes, "there is a constant relation between the moral character of all intelligent creatures and their physical constitution—between their habits and the structure of their bodies." Thus we see, that a lean, spare, diminutive body, is generally accompanied by a petulant, restless, meddling mind—either the mind wears down the body, by its continual motion, or else the body, not affording the mind sufficient house-room, keeps it continually in a state of fretfulness, tossing and worrying about from the uneasiness of its situation. Whereas your round, sleek, fat, unwieldy periphery is ever attended by a mind like itself,

tranquil, torpid, and at ease; and we may always observe, that your well-fed robustious burghers are in general very tenacious of their ease and comfort; being great enemies to noise, discord, and disturbance—and surely none are more likely to study the public tranquillity than those who are so careful of their own. Who ever hears of fat men heading a riot, or herding together in turbulent mobs?—no—no—it is your lean hungry men, who are continually worrying society, and setting the whole community by the ears.

The divine Plato, whose doctrines are not sufficiently attended to by philosophers of the present age, allows to every man three souls—one immortal and rational, seated in the brain, that it may overlook and regulate the body—a second consisting of the surly and irascible passions, which, like bellicose powers, lie encamped around the heart—a third mortal and sensual, destitute of reason, gross and brutal in its propensities, and enchain'd in the belly, that it may not disturb the divine soul by its ravenous howlings. Now, according to this excellent theory, what can be more clear, than that your fat alderman is most likely to have the most regular and well-conditioned mind? His head is like a huge spherical chamber, containing a prodigious mass of soft brains, whereon the rational soul lies softly and snugly couched, as on a feather bed; and the eyes, which are the windows of the bed-chamber, are usually half closed, that its slumberings may not be disturbed by external objects. A mind thus comfortably lodged, and protected from disturbance, is manifestly most likely to perform its functions with regularity and ease. By dint of good feeding, moreover, the mortal and malignant soul, which is confined in the belly, and which, by its raging and roaring, puts the irritable soul in the neighbourhood of the heart in an intolerable passion, and thus renders men crusty and quarrelsome when hungry, is completely pacified, silenced, and put to rest—whereupon a host of honest good-fellow qualities and kind-hearted affections, which had lain perdue, slyly peeping out of the loop-holes of the heart, finding this Cerberus asleep, do pluck up their spirits, turn out one and all in their holiday suits, and gambol up and down the diaphragm—disposing their possessor to laughter, good humour, and a thousand friendly offices towards his fellow mortals.

As a board of magistrates, formed on this model, think but very little, they are the less likely to differ and wrangle about the favourite opinions—and as they generally transact business upon a hearty dinner, they are naturally disposed to be lenient and indulgent in the administration of their duties. Charlemagne was conscious of this, and, therefore, (a pitiful measure, for which I can never forgive him) ordered in his cartularies, that no judge should hold a court of justice, except in the morning, on an empty stomach: a rule which, I warrant, bore hard upon all the poor culprits in his kingdom. The more enlightened and humane generation of the present day have taken an opposite course, and have so managed, that the aldermen are the best fed men in the community; feasting lustily on the fat things of the land, and gorging so heartily oysters and turtles, that, in process of time, they acquire the activity of the one, and the form, the waddle, and the green fat of the other. The consequence is, as I have just said, these luxurious feastings do produce such a dulcet equanimity and repose of the soul, rational and irrational, that their transactions are proverbial for unvarying monotony—and the profound laws, which they enact in their dozing moments, amid the labours of digestion, are quietly suffered to remain as dead letters, and never enforced when awake. In a word, your fair round-bellied burgo-master, like a full-fed mastiff, dozes quietly at the house-door, always at home, and always at hand to watch over its safety—but, as to electing a lean meddling candidate to the office, as has now and then been done, I would as lief put a greyhound to watch the house, or a race-horse to drag an ox-waggon.

The burgomasters, then, as I have already mentioned, were wisely chosen by weight, and the schepens, or assistant aldermen, were appointed to attend upon them, and help them eat; but the latter, in the course of time, when they had been

fed and fattened into sufficient bulk of body and drowsiness of brain, became very eligible candidates for the burgomasters' chairs, having fairly eaten themselves into office, as a mouse eats his way into a comfortable lodgment in a goodly, bluenosed, skimmed milk, New England cheese.'

The character of the inhabitants at a more advanced period, which is, no doubt, intended as a description of the good people of New York at the present day, conveys a severe satire:—

' In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, new years' days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oft times worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes: and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us, that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids—but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without controul. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fire-place—the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white,—nay, even the very cat and dog,—enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together: the goede vrouw on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches—grisly ghosts—horses without heads—and hair-breadth escapes and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days, a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun-down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on

such occasions. But, though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banqueting, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own waggons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six; unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or oly-koeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey diversions, of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, *yah Mynher*, or *yah ya vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fire-places were decorated, wherein sundry passages of scripture were piously pourtrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.'

(To be continued.)

*Third Tour of Doctor Syntax, in Search of a Wife. Part I.*  
pp. 32. October, 1820.

THE worthy Dr. Syntax has set out on another tour, not in search of the 'Picturesque,' nor, what might, at his age, be still more natural, 'in search of Consolation,' but 'in search of a Wife.' Perhaps, however, if he is successful, consolation may accompany his second nuptials. The first number of this his third, and, we are told, his last tour, does not carry us far enough to enable us to state the precise route the doctor means to take, much less any part of his adventures in search of a wife. We can, however, assure our readers, that although the venerable author of these entertaining works is now an octogenarian, yet his poem possesses the ardour of youth and the vigour of manhood; and that, if we may judge from this first specimen, the doctors' last tour will be as popular as either of those that have preceded it. We select the opening passage, on Content:—

'How is it none contented lives  
With the fair lot which reason gives,  
Or chance presents, or labour gains!  
Why, in our pleasures or our pains,  
Does want disturb or envy wound,  
And calm enjoyment's rarely found?  
May not this answer meet the ear,  
That life is not th' appointed sphere,  
Where, by the wise design of heaven,  
A cloudless joy is ever given?  
For that e'en virtue's self must wait  
Till death has closed our mortal state;  
And then our virtue's promised meed  
Of endless pleasure will succeed.

'Tis true experience sage has said,  
And, as a real truth portray'd,  
That happy hours may be our own,  
But happy days are never known.  
The morn may smile, the noon may weep,  
While pain at night may banish sleep:  
Our own or some dear friend's distress  
May check a smiling happiness:  
E'en while it mantles on the brow,  
The heart may feel a sense of woe.  
Thus, throughout life, 'tis man's frail nature  
To be a discontented creature.  
Indeed, we must the truth confess,  
How oft we look for happiness  
From what we never may possess;  
But ask, in life's continued chase,  
For change of things and change of place,  
And, as our real good, pursue  
What we behold in distant view,  
Beyond possession's present hour;—  
'Tis that we wish within our power,  
And o'er a something seem to brood,  
Contrasted with our present good.

'If you ask where doth dwell content,  
'Neath cot or lofty battlement,  
Whether in car of state it ride,  
Or by the humble peasant's side;  
Or in the court of kings doth dwell,  
Or in the lonely hermit's cell?  
Say, does it dance in lover's bower,  
Or pass in smiles the rural hour?  
Do laurel wreaths entwine it round,  
Or is it at the banquet found?  
Say, does it crouch 'neath Cupid's wing,  
Or play upon the minstrel's string?  
No; this is the keen mind's reply,  
Such is the world's philosophy:

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When in the car of state you ride,  
Content is by the peasant's side ;  
Whene'er you gaze from mountain's brow  
You see him in the vale below ;  
And, when you join the courtly train,  
He doth appear a rustic swain.  
Nay, when in splendid halls you're seen,  
He dances on the village green.  
Thus in vain your time is spent,  
For never will you find content.  
As you pursue, he flies for ever,  
Ne'er will you overtake him—never.  
Or high, or low, whate'er our lot,  
We view him on some envied spot,  
But dimly seen, where we are not.

‘ Broken with toils, with arms opprest,  
The soldier thinks the merchant blest,  
Who calmly sits at home at ease,  
While fortune, with her fav'ring breeze,  
Wafts him her treasures o'er the seas.  
And when the threat'ning tempests rise,  
War is my choice, the merchant cries ;  
For battle ends the hero's story,  
Or brings him death, or gives him glory.

—When the country squire is seen  
At number six in Lincoln's Inn,  
With healthy look and ruddy face,  
To give his fee and state his case,  
The wearied lawyer, midst his books,  
With gaping yawn and pallid looks,  
Longs to buy lands and country-seat,  
To give him health and calm retreat ;  
While, as th'admiring client's eye  
Beholds the vast variety  
Of stately forms and the gay measure  
Of each embroider'd scene of pleasure,  
Which the vast city's limits give,  
He longs in Portland Place to live.’

This number is embellished with three coloured engravings, designed by the same artist as the former numbers, Rowlandson. The first represents the doctor mounted, as usual, setting out in search of a wife: in the second, we find him soliloquizing; and, in the third, he is turned nurse. For, having been overtaken in a storm, he takes shelter in a cottage, where there is a fruitful family, and we see the doctor almost as busily employed, as the Welch curate in Bowles and Carver's window, in St. Paul's Church Yard. The doctor has a child on each knee; he has another by his side, and he is rocking the cradle containing a fourth, with his foot. The engravings are well executed.

*Account of a Tour in Normandy, &c.* By Dawson Turner, Esq. A. M., F. R. S., L. S., &c.

(Continued from p. 627.)

MR. TURNER is liberal in his political opinions, and could not but observe the benefits France has gained by the revolution. He says,—

‘ The good resulting from the republic has been purchased at a dreadful price, but the good remains; and those who now enjoy the boon, are not inclined to remember the blood which drenched the three-coloured banner. Thirty years have elapsed, and a new generation has arisen, to whom the horrors of the revolution live only in the page of history. But its advantages are daily felt in the equal nature and equal administration of the laws; in the suppression of the monasteries with their concomitant evils; in the restriction of the powers of the clergy; in the liberty afforded to all modes of

religious worship; and in the abolition of all the edicts and mandates and prejudices, which secured to a peculiar sect and cast, a monopoly of all the honours and distinctions of the commonwealth; for now, every individual of talent and character feels that the path to preferment and power is not obstructed by his birth or his opinions.’

Rouen contains a population of 87,000 persons, of whom the greater number are engaged in the manufactures; but trade is dull. Living, in general, is scarcely one fourth cheaper at Rouen than in England; but, farther south, the necessities of life are much cheaper. At Rouen, there was an annual ceremony of delivering and pardoning a criminal for the sake of St. Romain, the tutelary protector of Rouen, according to a privilege exercised from time immemorial, by the chapter of the cathedral. St. Romain had performed more miracles than one; he caused the Seine, at the time of a great inundation, to retire to its channel by his command; but this is not considered so extraordinary as the following romantic legend, related by Dom Pommeraye, in his history of the Life of the Prelate. After mentioning the miracle of the Seine, he proceeds,—

“ But the following miracle was deemed a far greater marvel, and it increased the veneration of the people towards St. Romain to such a degree, that they henceforth regarded him as an actual apostle, who, from the authority of his office, the excellence of his doctrine, his extreme sanctity, and the gift of miracles, deserved to be classed with the earliest preachers of our holy faith. In a marshy spot, near Rouen, was bred a dragon, the very counterpart of that destroyed by St. Nicaise. It committed frightful ravages; lay in wait for man and beast, whom it devoured without mercy; the air was poisoned by its pestilential breath, and it was alone the cause of greater mischief and alarm, than could have been occasioned by a whole army of enemies. The inhabitants, wearied out by many years of suffering, implored the aid of St. Romain; and the charitable and generous pastor, who dreaded nothing in behalf of his flock, comforted them with the assurance of a speedy deliverance. The design itself was noble; still more so was the manner by which he put it in force; for he would not be satisfied with merely killing the monster, but undertook also to bring it to public execution, by way of atonement for its cruelties. For this purpose, it was necessary that the dragon should be caught: but when the prelate required a companion in the attempt, the hearts of all men failed them. He applied, therefore, to a criminal condemned to death for murder; and, by the promise of a pardon, bought his assistance, which the certain prospect of a scaffold, had he refused to accompany the saint, caused him the more willingly to lend. Together they went, and had no sooner reached the marsh, the monster's haunt, than St. Romain, approaching courageously, made the sign of the cross, and at once put it out of the power of the dragon to attempt to do him injury. He then tied his stole around his neck, and, in that state, delivered him to the prisoner, who dragged him to the city, where he was burned in the presence of all the people, and his ashes thrown into the river. The manuscript of the Abbey of Hautmont, from which this legend is extracted, adds, that such was the fame of this miracle throughout France, that Lagobert, the reigning sovereign, sent for St. Romain to court, to hear a true narrative of the fact from his own lips; and, impressed with reverent awe, bestowed the celebrated privilege upon him and his successors for ever.”

This privilege, although often contested, has always been maintained until the revolution, when it was abolished. It had been much abused, and was even extended not only to the criminal himself, but also to his accomplices. Millin, in his *Antiquités Nationales*, adduces

a very flagrant instance of injustice committed under its plea:—

D'Alégre, governor of Gisors, in consequence of a private pique against the Baron du Hallot, lord of the neighbouring town of Vernon, treacherously assassinated him at his own house, while he was yet upon crutches, in consequence of the wounds received at the siege of Rouen. This happened during the civil wars; in the course of which, Hallot had signalized himself as a faithful servant and useful assistant to the monarch. The murderer knew that there were no hopes for him of royal mercy; and, after having passed some time in concealment, and as a soldier in the army of the league, he had recourse to the chapter of the cathedral at Rouen, from whom he obtained the promise of the shrine of St. Romain. To put full confidence, however, even in this, would, under such circumstances, have been imprudent. The clergy might break their word, or a mightier power might interpose. D'Alégre, therefore, persuaded a young man, formerly page of his, of the name of Pehu, to surrender himself as guilty of the crime; and to him the privilege was granted; under the sanction of which, the real culprit, and several of his accomplices in the assassination, obtained a free pardon. The widow and daughter of Hallot in vain remonstrated; the utmost that could be done, after a tedious law-suit, was to procure a small fine to be imposed upon Pehu, and to cause him to be banished from Normandy and Picardy and the vicinity of Paris. But regulations were in consequence adopted, with respect to the exercise of the privilege; and the pardons granted under favour of it were ever afterwards obliged to be ratified under the high seal of the kingdom.'

In the church of St. Catherine's Priory, there are but three monumental inscriptions:—

'The epitaph of the founder speaks of him, as—

"Premier Auteur des mesures et poids  
Selon raison en ce païs Normand."

It is somewhat remarkable, that there appear to have been only two other monumental inscriptions in the church, and both of them in memory of cooks of the convent; a presumptive proof that the holy fathers were not inattentive to the good things of this world, in the midst of their concern for those of the next.—The first of them was for Stephen de Saumere,—

"Qui en son vivant cuisinier  
Fut de Réverend Pere en Dieu,  
De la Barre, Abbé de ce lieu."

The other was for—

"Thierry Gueroult, en broche et en fossets,  
Gueu très-expert pour les Religieux."

At whatever ebb religion may be in France, enthusiastic fanaticism is far from being extinct; and Mr. T. gives a curious account of a man of the lower classes praying before a broken cross near St. Michael's Chapel:—

The ruined state of the building was his first and favourite topic: he lamented its destruction; he mourned over the state of the times which could countenance such impiety; and gradually, while he turned over the leaves of the prayer-book in his hand, he was led to read aloud the hundred and thirty-sixth psalm, commenting upon every verse as he proceeded, and weeping more and more bitterly, when he came to the part commemorating the ruin of Jerusalem, which he applied, naturally enough, to the captive state of France, smarting as she then was under the iron rod of Prussia. Of the other allies, including even the Russians, he owned that there was no complaint to be made: "they conduct themselves," said he, "agreeably to the maxim of warfare, which says, 'battez-vous contre ceux qui vous opposent; mais ayez pitié des vaincus.' Not so the Prussians: with them it is 'frappez-ça, frappez-là, et quand ils entrent dans quelque endroit, ils disent, il nous faut ça, il nous faut là et ils le prennent d'autorité. Cruel Ba-

bylon!"—"Yet, even admitting all this," we asked, "how can you reconcile with the spirit of Christianity the permission given to the Jews by the psalmist, to 'take up her little ones and dash them against the stones?'"—"Ah! you misunderstand the sense, the psalm does not authorise cruelty;—mais, attendez! ce n'est pas ainsi: ces pierres là sont Saint Pierre; et heureux celui qu'elles attachera à Saint Pierre; qui montrera de l'attachement, de l'hardiesse pour sa religion."—Then again, looking at the chapel, with tears and sobs, "how can we expect to prosper, how to escape these miseries, after having committed such enormities?"

The cathedral of Rouen is a most noble and elegant structure:

The west front opens upon a spacious *parvis*, to which it exposes a width of one hundred and seventy feet, consisting of a centre, flanked by two towers of very dissimilar form and architecture, though of nearly equal height. Between these is seen the spire, which rises from the intersection of the cross, and which, from this point of view, appears to pierce the clouds; and these masses so combine themselves together, that the entire edifice assumes a pyramidal outline. The French, who, without any real affection for ancient architecture, are often extravagant in their praises, regard this spire as a "chef d'œuvre de hardiesse, d'élegance, et de légèreté." Bold and light it certainly is; but we must pause before we consider it as elegant; the lower part is a combination of very clumsy Roman pediments and columns; and, as it is constructed of wood, the material conveys an idea of poverty and comparative meanness. It is commonly said in France, that the portal of Rheims, joined to the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, and the tower of Chartres, would make a perfect church; nor is it to be denied that each of these several cathedrals surpasses Rouen in its peculiar excellence; but each is also defective in other respects; so that Rouen, considered as a whole, is perhaps equal, if not superior, to any. The front is singularly impressive: it is characterised by airy magnificence. Open screens of the most elegant tracery, and filled, like the panels to which they correspond, with imagery, range along the summit. The blue sky shines through the stone filagree, which appears to be interwoven like a slender web; but, when you ascend the roof, you find that it is composed of massy limbs of stone, of which the edge alone is seen by the observer below. This *free* tracery is peculiar to the pointed architecture of the continent; and I cannot recollect any English building which possesses it. The basement story is occupied by three wide doorways, deep in retiring mouldings and pillars, and filled with figures of saints and martyrs, "tier behind tier, in endless perspective." The central portal, by far the largest, projects like a porch beyond the others, and is surmounted by a gorgeous pyramidal canopy of open stone-work, in whose centre is a great dial, the top of which partly conceals the rose window behind. This portal, together with the niches above on either side, all equally crowded with bishops, apostles, and saints, was erected at the expense of the cardinal, Georges d'Amboise, by whom the first stone was laid, in 1509.

The lateral door-ways are of a different style of architecture, and, though obtusely pointed, are supposed to be of the eleventh century; a plain and almost Roman circular arch surrounds the southern one. Over each of the entrances is a curious bas-relief: in the centre is displayed the genealogical tree of Christ; the southern contains the Virgin Mary surrounded by a number of saints; the northern one, the most remarkable of all, affords a representation of the feast given by Herod, which ended in the martyrdom of the baptist. Salomé, daughter of Herodias, plays, as she ought to do, the principal character. The group is of good sculpture, and curiously illustrative of the costumes and manners of the times. Salomé is seen dancing in an attitude, which, perchance, was often assumed by the *tombestères* of the elder day; and her position affords a graphical comment upon the Anglo-Saxon version of the text, in which it is said that she "tumbled" before

King Herod. The bands or pilasters, (if we may so call them,) which ornament the jambs of the door-ways, are crowned with graceful foliage in a very pure style; and the pedestals of the lateral pillars are boldly underworked.

On the northern side of the cathedral is situated the cloister-court. Only a few arches of the cloister now remain; and it appears, at least on the eastern side, to have consisted of a double aisle. Here we view the most ancient portion of the tower of St. Romain.—There is a peculiarity in the position of the towers of this cathedral, which I have not observed elsewhere. They flank the body of the church, so as to leave three sides free; and hence the spread taken by the front of the edifice, when the breadth of the towers is added to the breadth of the nave and aisles. The circular windows of the tower, which look in the court, are perhaps to be referred to the eleventh century; and a smaller tower affixed against the south side, containing a stair-case, and covered by a lofty pyramidal stone roof, composed of flags cut in the shape of shingles, may also be of the same æra. The others of the more ancient windows, are in the early pointed style; and the portion from the gallery upwards is comparatively modern, having been added in 1477. The roof, I suppose, is of the sixteenth century.

The southern tower is a fine specimen of the pointed architecture in its greatest state of luxuriant perfection, enriched on every side with pinnacles and statues. It terminates in a beautiful octagonal crown of open stonework.—Legendary tales are connected with both the towers: the oldest borrows its name from St. Romain, by whom chroniclers tell us that it was built; the other is called the *Tour de Beurre*, from a tradition, that the chief part of the money required for its erection was derived from offerings given by the pious or the dainty, as the purchase for an indulgence granted by Pope Innocent VIIIth, who, for a reasonable consideration, allowed the contributors to feed upon butter and milk during Lent, instead of confining themselves, as before, to oil and lard.—The archbishop, Georges d'Amboise, consecrated this tower, of which the foundation was laid in 1485; and he had the satisfaction of living to see it finished, in 1507, after twenty-two years had been employed in the building.'

This tower was graced with the largest bell in France. It weighed thirty-three thousand pounds; its diameter, at the base, was thirty feet; its height was ten feet, and thirty bell-ringers could hardly put it upon its swing. The sound, however, that it uttered, was scarcely audible. In 1793, the revolution caused it to be returned to the furnace, whence it issued in the shape of cannon and medals, the latter commemorating the pristine state of the metal with the humiliating legend, 'monument de vanité détruit pour l'utilité.'

There are two hospitals at Rouen; the *Hospice Général* and the *Hôtel Dieu*, more commonly called *la Madeleine*:

The annual expenses of *la Madeleine* are estimated at two hundred and forty thousand francs; out of which sum, no less than forty-seven thousand francs are expended in bread. The number of individuals admitted here, during the first nine months of 1805, the last authentic statement I have been able to procure, was two thousand seven hundred and seventeen; during the same period, two thousand one hundred and fifty-eight were discharged, and two hundred and seventy died. The building is modern and handsome, and situated at the end of a fine avenue. The church, a Corinthian edifice, and indisputably the handsomest building of that description at Rouen, is generally admired. The *Hospice Général*, destitute as it is of architectural magnificence, cannot be visited without satisfaction. When I was at this hospital, the old men who are housed there, were seated at their dinner, and I have seldom witnessed a more pleasing sight. They exhibited an appearance of cleanliness, propriety, good order,

and comfort, equally creditable to themselves and to the institution. The number of inmates usually resident in this building is about two thousand; and they consisted, in 1805, of one hundred and sixty aged men, and one hundred and eighty aged women, six hundred children, and eight hundred and twenty-five invalids. Among the latter were forty lunatics. The food here allowed to the helpless poor is of good quality; and, as far as I could learn, is afforded in sufficient quantity; there are also two workshops, in one of which, articles are manufactured for the use of the house: in the other, for sale.'

The public library of Rouen is said to contain upwards of seventy thousand volumes; the manuscripts are in number about eight hundred, many of which are valuable. The library is open every day, except Sundays and Thursdays, from ten to two, to every body who chooses to enter.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Ashford Rectory; or, the Spoiled Child reformed. Containing a Short Introduction to the Sciences of Architecture and Heraldry, with a particular Account of the Grecian and Roman Games, &c. &c. By Mrs. Jamieson, late Miss Thrtle. Third Edition. 12mo. pp. 216. London, 1820.*

Two editions of this work had passed through the press before it came under our notice, and though somewhat late, we now, with pleasure, add our testimony in its approbation. If to convey useful instruction in a pleasing form, and thus to lead the young mind almost unconsciously to a knowledge of the useful arts and sciences, be desirable in books for youth, then has Mrs. Jamieson obtained that object. In a well written and interesting tale, she has so happily blended an introduction to architecture and heraldry, that we doubt not many will thus be led to gain a knowledge of these sciences who, in the set routine of ordinary treatises on the subject, would scarcely have ventured on the threshold. The notices from history are well selected, and some of the descriptions of the more striking scenes of nature are very animated. The following extract gives an interesting account of the instability of court favour:

'Alexander Menzikoff was born of parents of gentle condition, but so excessively poor that they could not afford to have him taught to read or write. After their death, he went to Moscow to seek for employment, where he found an asylum in a pastry-cook's shop. He had a very fine voice, and soon became known in that great city from the musical tone of his cry. His voice also gained him admission into the houses of many noblemen; and he was fortunate enough one day to be in the kitchen of some great *boyar*, or lord, with whom the emperor was to dine, where he observed the following remarkable transaction. The nobleman came into the kitchen, and made a great fuss about a particular dish, which he said the emperor was very fond of; into this dish he dropped, (as he thought unperceived,) a powder. Menzikoff observed this; he, however, took no notice, but immediately left the house, and when he saw the emperor's carriage coming, he began to sing very loud. Peter, attracted by his voice, called him, and bought all the pies he had in his basket. He was so pleased with the quickness of Menzikoff's answers, that he desired he would follow him into the house, and attend behind his chair. The servants were surprised at this order, but it proved of the greatest importance to Peter. When the *boyar* pressed his royal guest to taste of his favourite dish, his new servant gently pulled him by the sleeve, and begged he would not touch it till he had spoken to him. The emperor,

immediately withdrew with Menzikoff, who informed his imperial master of his suspicions. The czar returned to the company, and suddenly turning to his host, pressed him to partake of the favourite dish. Terrified at this command, he said, "It did not become the servant to eat before his master." The emperor then offered it to a dog, who greedily devoured its contents, and shortly afterwards expired in the greatest torments. The rise of Menzikoff was from that moment rapid beyond example. He was loaded with honours, and frequently appeared in public as vice czar, the emperor assuming the rank of a private person. It is not very surprising, that so extraordinary and sudden an elevation should cause Menzikoff sometimes to forget that he was a man. His enemies trembled at his presence; for, as his power was great, so was his revenge. After the death of his imperial master, to whom he was warmly attached, he remained faithful to Catherine; and upon her decease, he placed the crown upon the head of Peter III, son of the unfortunate Alexis, and grandson to his benefactor. It is said he had formed the ambitious design of marrying his daughter to this young prince. The sun of prosperity, however, which had hitherto shone in meridian splendour upon Alexander Menzikoff, was now fast sinking into the darkest gloom. The Dolgoroukis, a noble family who hated him, were artful, pliable, and insinuating; Peter was young, unsuspecting, and easily imposed upon by the frank and apparently honest offered friendship of the younger branches of the family. The ruin of the man who had placed him on the throne was now, at the instigation of the Dolgoroukis, resolved on, and the fall of Menzikoff was even more rapid than his rise. As he had seldom shown mercy, so little was shown to him. His banishment to Berezof was attended with every aggravation that could be imagined. Previous to this fatal sentence, he had been deprived of his dignities, his pensions, his employments. This blow was quickly followed by another; he was banished the court; and desired to confine himself to his country house at Oranienburg. On his way thither he was overtaken by a messenger, accompanied by a party of dragoons, who brought the fatal mandate of banishment to Siberia. Berezof, if you will look on your map, is situated near the mouth of the Oby; during six months in the year there is no actual daylight, and the earth is covered with frost and snow. What a situation for those who had been used to every luxury, every indulgence! The Princess Menzikoff died on her journey, and was buried on the banks of the Wolga. She had always had very weak eyes, and they were so affected by the cold and her excessive weeping, that she lost her sight before the half of her journey was completed. This unfortunate family was treated like the worst of criminals. Their dresses were twice changed; first to the coarsest woollen, then to the coarsest stuffs. They, who had been used to walk upon the softest carpets, clothed in the richest attire, and to travel with every possible convenience, were now exposed to cold, and all the inclemencies of the weather, in the small wooden carts which are made without springs, and which are always used to convey criminals to their place of exile. Menzikoff and one of his daughters lived to reach Berezoff, but to end their days in that place of solitude. The younger daughter and the son returned to Russia upon the accession of the Empress Anne to the throne; and the Dolgoroukis felt, in their turn, all the horrors they had contributed to inflict on the Menzikoffs; with this aggravation, that the same person who conducted them to Berezoff, carried with him the recall of Menzikoff and his family. The cold of this part of Siberia is so intense, as to preclude the capability of culture; and the solitude so great, that the poor exile sees only his fellow-sufferers in misery, except now and then a solitary Tartar, who may perchance pass near his dwelling on his way to Tobolsk, with his tribute of furs.'

In conclusion, we may observe, that although this work is written expressly for youth, yet many of the adult population may derive both pleasure and instruction from its perusal.

## Foreign Literature.

*Revue Chronologique, &c.—Chronological Review of the History of France, from 1787 to 1818.* 8vo. pp. 835. Paris, 1820.

SOME author characterised history as the science of facts: the definition is not perfect, but it has the merit of giving a clear idea of the grand point to be observed in writing history; and, we confess, that we cannot name above two or three histories, ancient or modern, in which the spirit of party has not had considerable influence in concealing some facts and disguising others, in praising what merited blame, and blaming what merited praise. The work before us, is, perhaps, not absolutely free from this charge, but the author, M. Montgaillard, has at any rate given reiterated proofs of his desire to be impartial, he is, indeed, a chronologist rather than an historian, but he has shewn, in the course of the work, that he has all the talents for becoming one of the first of the present day.

His object was to compress into one volume, a faithful syllabus of the multifarious events of the most remarkable period in the history of the modern world, and in this he has succeeded beyond expectation; he has not omitted a single event of any importance, nor does he appear to have distorted any fact to please or displease any party; he is a faithful narrator, and if it so happen that the same man has at different times espoused different sides of the question, that in fact he has always worn the livery of the time being, it is not M. Montgaillard's fault. His work is calculated to enlighten the public as to the true character of the personages of the revolution; by their works shall ye know them. We will select two remarkable examples, those of D'Antraigues and Moreau; the former, it will be recollect, was assassinated at Barnes, by his servant, and the latter fell fighting against his country.

The *soi-disant* Count D'Antraigues, a half-bred gentleman, from the ill-famed banks of the Aveyron\*, known himself as having a very bad reputation before 1789, was arrested in May 1797, at Venice, where he took the title of agent of Louis XVIII. to the Serene Republic. D'Antraigues was clandestinely married to Mademoiselle Saint Huberti, formerly an opera singer at Paris. She obtained from General Berthier, then at the head of the staff of the army of Italy, and whom she had formerly seen in the by-passages of the palace at Versailles, her husband's liberty. In order to merit this favour, D'Antraigues remitted notes written by himself, of a pretended correspondence that Pichegru, commander in chief of the army of the Rhine, had had two years before, with the Prince of Conde, and that too through the medium of two Swiss, the most equivocal and the lowest of all emissaries.'

This correspondence, it is now well known, (like the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit, for which, we believe, Mr. Canning paid 5000l. out of the revenue,) was the pure invention of D'Antraigues, but it was enough to give the directory a colour for hostile proceedings against their enemies, alleging they were accomplices in the conspiracy; other proofs, however, were desired against Pichegru, and a telegraphic despatch was sent off to Moreau, who wrote for answer, 'that he had found, several months before, in an Austrian baggage waggon, positive proof against Pichegru'; this waggon, Moreau asserted, 'was taken at the

\* Where Fualdes was murdered.

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passage of the Rhine ; it must have been precisely the day of the passage, the 21st of April, or the next morning at the break of day, for, on the 22d, at noon, the belligerent troops laid down their arms in conformity to the preliminaries signed at Leoben : ‘the documents found,’ says the denouncing General ‘are in cypher, the proofs are clearer than the day, but I doubt whether they are legal.’ The supposed treason of Pichegru is dated as far back as 1795, when he commanded on the Upper Rhine, from which it is evident how improbable it is that an Austrian General, however silly we may suppose him, would keep for two years in a common travelling baggage waggon, at the advanced posts, papers relative to a conspiracy that had failed.

It is not necessary for us to draw any conclusions from these facts ; Providence, indeed, seems to have reserved to itself the care of rewarding them. D’Antraigues and his wife were assassinated by their own servant, and a French cannon shot did justice on the false accuser of his friend and protector—on the traitor to his country.

We will only add that the work before us is indispensable to the library of every person who takes any interest in the affairs of the times. The author is neither a republican nor an ultra royalist, but he is firmly attached to the constitution ; his chronology comes down to the end of 1818, and consequently embraces a great portion of M. Decazes’ ministry, who may proudly refer to it, and say to his detractors and his calumniators—‘here are the monuments of my public services, and while they prove that I have saved France from a revolution, that I have crushed all factions, whatever mask they wore, and raised my country to a degree of unexampled prosperity, I despise the ravings of M. Clause de Coussergues, and all those who resemble him.’

Z. Z.

## Original Communications.

### THEATRICAL INSTITUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Will some correspondent of your excellent paper give me information relative to what ‘Theatrical Institutions’ there are for the relief of the unavoidable distresses of actors and actresses ; as it appears to me there might be a school instituted for the education of the children of those belonging to the profession, whose circumstances are but too often exceedingly limited ; and also ‘to hear the poor that cry, the fatherless, and him that hath none to help.’

I am, Sir, your’s respectfully, a humble but sincere  
London, 1820.

ENQUIRER.

### ON GAMING.

No vice of the present day is more generally and justly reprobated than that of gambling ; it is, by the generality of its prevalence, become a profession, and, if we judge by the respectability of its votaries, a liberal one. Its literature consists of a course of left-handed mathematics and logic. The chances for and against are become the object of mental operation, and the gambling mathematician, who can calculate these chances, has made a great proficiency in the fashionable literature of the St. James’ Street club rooms, and acquired the principal recommendation for admission as a member. In the pursuit of this

science, every noble feeling of the mind is extinguished. To overreach your friend or neighbour is the first principle it inculcates. All manly pursuits become merged in this ‘Cacoethes ludandi,’ or more properly ‘fraudandi.’ Every relation of a public or private nature is forgotten, is overwhelmed by the tide, and sordid considerations of gain most commonly expended on sensual gratifications. To expect the gambler to be a good husband is to expect the tide not to roll ; to suppose him a good father is equally improbable ; and that he can be a good and useful citizen, is to expect things to happen out of the ordinary course of nature ; to prove the truth of this assertion is not difficult. If we view the domestic comforts of the sober industrious citizen, and, at the same time, inspect the inconveniences that accompany the other character in the same capacity, the contrast must be a convincing proof of what we stated. At the home of the one, you see Harmony, found with her sister Industry, preside in all the graces of her amiable character ; in the house of the other, you see Discord armed with a brand, exulting in the anticipation of future strife, ready to seize the opportunity of flinging it with all the force of her malignant arm, and blasting the precarious tranquillity of the devoted gambler. No less busy is Jealousy at her back, impatient to avail herself of the moment to open the breach still wider by her evil suggestions and counsels. That these figures are naturally arranged in the foreground of the picture of the gambler’s fireside cannot be denied ; that conjugal infidelity and mutual suspicions are never-failing concomitants of this vice, the divorces and separations not uncommon at the present day unquestionably prove ; when, unfortunately, under such circumstances, the breach of the conjugal vow is on the part of the weaker sex, with what front a man pursuing the wicked course of life can claim at the hands of a jury of his countrymen reparation for his wounded feelings (commonly so called), is a matter that calm reason must pause before she reconciles to herself. There is a duty of a most solemn and weighty kind, which every citizen standing in the relation of parent has to discharge,—I mean the duty a parent owes to his child ; in the discharge of this duty, the most delicate and scrupulous exactness is to be observed ; this is the sentiment not only of common experience, but likewise of the Roman satirist, who says ‘ne quid turpe dictu, aut visu tongat hoc limina intra quo peur est.’ In this sentiment is implied, though not actually expressed, not only the absence of all obscenity of expression, but likewise every circumstance that can add to bad example. That the predominant feeling, be it virtuous or vicious, cannot be kept under is a self-evident proposition ; this being the case, it is impossible that even the short time a parent addicted to this vice, spends in the bosom of his family, he can so master the fund within him as not occasionally to mention his favourite pursuit, or some collateral circumstance that will excite youthful curiosity ; must it not follow that this curiosity being once up will strive to satisfy itself, and enlarge its acquaintance with its object ; the next step after excitement of curiosity is acquaintance with the object, and from acquaintance proceeds familiarity and from familiarity a devoted passion which no time, no experience can abate. Thus is the juvenile mind tainted. How far it contaminates the devoted votary himself let us next see. In the first place, bodily infirmities appear, nature being defrauded of her wholesome and invigorating repose ;

health, that source upon which we draw for all exertions of mind and body, is impaired; add to this, that the portion of time misspent over the die and the box is gone for ever without account. How much more to our own amusement and the improvement of society would it contribute, if the time thus abused were devoted to the improvement of those faculties bestowed on us by our Maker. That these faculties were given us for a different use is obvious; they are a gift to raise us above the level of the inferior part of the creation and to be employed for the mutual advantages of each other; accordingly, abuse of them is the highest ingratitude to the donor, and degradation to ourselves. How does one man acquire fame in the fine arts, another in physic, another as a divine, and another at the bar, but by exercising this inestimable gift on its proper object, and not by committing the sacrilegious crime of sacrificing the best bounty of God at the shrine of the dissolute.

JUSTUS.

#### BUYING WIVES.

THE Babylonians had a law, which was also followed by the Heneti, an Illyrian people, and by Herodotus thought to be one of their best, which ordained, that when girls were of a marriageable age, they were to repair at a certain time to a place where the young men likewise assembled. They were then sold by the public crier, who first disposed of the most beautiful one. When he had sold her, he put up others to sale, according to their degrees of beauty. The rich Babylonians were emulous to carry off the finest women, who were sold to the highest bidders. But, as the young men who were poor could not aspire to have a fine woman, they were content to take the ugliest, with the money which was given with them: for when the crier had sold the handsomest, he ordered the ugliest of all the women to be brought, and inquired if any one was willing to take her with a small sum of money? thus she became the wife of him who was most easily satisfied; and thus the finest women were sold, and from the money which they brought, small fortunes were given to the ugliest, and to those who had any bodily deformity. A father could not marry his daughter as he pleased, nor was he who bought her allowed to take her home, without giving security that he would marry her. But, after the sale, if the parties were not agreeable to each other, the law enjoined that the purchase-money should be restored.

Amongst the Cretans, the young men, when of mature age, were not permitted to marry as they thought fit themselves. They were not left to the impulse of passion, by which we are so frequently misled in that serious engagement. In forming the contract of wedlock, riches and pleasures were not their objects—those delusive phantoms, which often bring discord, indifference, and regret. In truth, a Cretan married not for himself, but for the state. The magistrates had the right of choosing the strongest and best made of the young men, and of marrying them to women who resembled them in constitution and figure, that a well proportioned matrimonial union might produce a robust, tall, well made posterity, whose physical powers would do honour to the nation, defend it, terrify their enemies by their mere presence, and conquer and reduce them to subjection, by their strength and their valour.

#### Sketches of Life and Character.

BY HER PRESENT MAJESTY, QUEEN CAROLINE.

[In presenting our readers with the observations of her Majesty on several important subjects, we shall, perhaps, be suspected of deviating from our usual plan, which tends to the exclusion of politics. To have a British Queen for an author is, however, an event of so rare occurrence, that we think it our duty not only to record the circumstance, but to give the royal production a place in our pages as a literary curiosity. In the selection we have made, we have carefully avoided all reference to the proceedings against her Majesty,—leaving that subject for politicians now to discuss, and posterity hereafter to decide upon.—ED.]

#### THE ENGLISH.

It is only the most generous minds, that attach themselves to the suffering individual in the exigencies of adversity. When my adversity has been greatest, the people of England have cheered me with the most affectionate testimonies of regard. Their support has been more strenuous in proportion as I have been more oppressed; and they have evinced a more profound respect, and a more enthusiastic affection for a persecuted Queen, than are usually experienced by any sovereign who is surrounded with all the pomp of power, and all the insignia of royalty.—‘ Answer to the Camberwell Address.’

#### THE SCOTS.

The free voice and the unbiassed suffrages of the enlightened natives of Caledonia, whenever they could be heard, have always been on the side of what is just, equitable, and humane; and I never can forget, that it was the country beyond the Tweed which nurtured such glorious vindicators of the freedom and independence of their country, as a Wallace and a Bruce, and which gave birth to a Knox, who rescued his country from the tyranny of the court of Rome, and spread the light of the reformation amongst the people. \* \* \*

Minds cast in nature’s moulds, as the sons and daughters of Scotia undoubtedly are, must ever be as favourable to the victims and martyrs of power, as they are indignant at and hostile to, the assassin blow, armed under the semblance or rather the mockery of justice.—‘ Answer to the Address from St. Andrew’s,’ Sept. 6.

#### A BRITISH SAILOR.

A British seaman is another name for downright sincerity and plain spoken truth. A British seaman always says what he thinks, and is what he seems. A British seaman never deserts his flag, and never abandons his companion in distress.

A British seaman is generous to his enemy, but he is never faithless to his friend. His heart is not fickle and inconstant, like the element on which he moves, or the wind which fills the sails of his ship. The word of a British seaman is as sure as his bond; his veracity is incorruptible.

A British seaman is generous to excess, and brave even to a fault. There is no extremity of distress in which he will not share his last shilling with his friend, and often even with his foe; nor are there any circumstances in which he will not prefer death to disgrace; and every evil under the sun to cowardice.—‘ Answer to the British Seamen’s Address,’ Sept. 13.

## MODERN STATESMEN.

The great fault in the statesmen of modern times, and particularly of our own country, has been, that they have not kept pace with the increased knowledge and improved sentiments of the age. While the nation has been making mighty strides in political science, and acquiring a fitness for more liberal institutions, they have been fixed, as if by the spell of enchantment, in the narrow circle of ancient prejudices, or have been labouring to keep others within the confines of ignorance and superstition. In short, they are still children, while the nation has grown up to manhood. They are still in the leading strings of puerile maxims, while the people have learned to walk erect in the light of new truths and better principles.—‘Answer to the Spital Fields Address,’ Sept. 25.

## THE CLERGY.

Churchmen are usually more remarkable even than statesmen, for being behind the light of the age. They adhere too pertinaciously to ancient forms; they are unwilling to pass beyond that boundary of darkness, within which their forefathers lived; and, if they ever find themselves within the illuminating ray of a purer light, they start back as apparitions are said to vanish when they snuff the morn.—‘Answer to the Address from the females of Leicester.’

## PARTY.

I am not the narrow-minded advocate of any sect or party, but the common friend of all sects and parties. Every sovereign suffers a diminution of his sovereignty, in proportion as he becomes a partisan. There is nothing factious or sectarian in goodness; and those who aim at benefiting mankind, must not suffer themselves to be fettered by exclusive partial ties.—‘Answer to the Halifax Address,’ Sept. 12.

## THE FEMALE SEX.

Many of the most estimable characteristics of our sex borrow no small degree of lustre from adversity. It is then that those gentle virtues are most conspicuous, by which we are most adorned; and when even loveliness itself is increased by uncomplaining patience and humble resignation. In us it is true heroism to be meek in sorrow, and not querulous in suffering.—‘Answer to the Address from the Married Ladies of Marylebone, Sept. 4.’

Tenderness and delicacy are the most admired characteristics of our sex; and they are the most deserving of admiration.—‘Answer to Address from the Ladies of Bath.’

The more enlightened, virtuous, and patriotic the females of this country become, the more we may cherish hopes of the moral, intellectual, and political improvement of the rising and of future generations. Our sex are the first instructors of the young. By them the first impressions are made, and the first lessons taught. Their increased and increasing intellectual culture, therefore, gives us the fair prospect of more virtue and intelligence in the days that time is about to unfold.—‘Answer to Address from the Ladies of Leicester.’

## FRIENDSHIP.

The ties of friendship, when once formed, ought, if possible, to be indissoluble; and even those relations which arise merely out of local contiguity, are apt to spread the fine net-work of a thousand nameless associations over the

memory: and thus, in a variety of ways, to become intertwined with the affections. Life has naturally so many dark intervals, that it is our duty not to overlook any associated circumstances, or to reject any possible auxiliaries, that can assist in adding to the number of its sunny hours.—‘Answer to Address from Paddington.’

## GRATITUDE.

As mercy blesses him who gives and him who takes, so gratitude, whilst it is a delicious feeling in the heart of him who has received the benefit, reflects a pleasurable sensation upon him by whom it is conferred.—*Ibid.*

## POWER.

Unlimited power ought to be given to no man, unless it could at the same time be united with unlimited wisdom; but, as Providence does not usually bestow a much larger portion of wisdom or virtue upon kings than upon other individuals, it is necessary that their power should be circumscribed with strict limitations, in order to render it beneficial to mankind.

This power of the laws is good, because it is power without passion. \* \* \* Where power is limited by fixed laws for the common good, those laws which may be called fundamental, cannot be changed without the consent of the people, for whose good they were established. A limited monarchy with fundamental laws, which may be capriciously changed, is, in fact, an arbitrary government. It is not the government of unimpassioned law, but of fickle inclination.—‘Answer to an Address from the Ward of Cripplegate Without.’

## ANARCHY.

Anarchy is the greatest of all evils; but anarchy is usually the climax of bad government. Bad government sacrifices the interest of the many to that of the few, till the very elements of the social scheme, wanting the strong cement of the common good, are so shattered and disjointed, that they can hardly be held together by any principle from within or any power from without. The vessel of the state is then cast for a time, like a scattered wreck, upon the waters of strife.—‘Answer to the Address of the Ward of Farringdon Without.’

## QUI CAPIT ILLE FACIT.

The spirit of malignity is never a spirit of repose. It is the serpent gnawing the heart; and, if there be at this moment one who, more than another, is an object of pity, for the suspicions to which he is a victim, or for the inquietudes to which he is a prey,—for the innumerable vexations which he is hourly, nay, momentarily feeling,—for the recollections of past happiness, and of deserted virtue,—for the consciousness of malice that has been rendered impotent, and of vengeance that has missed its aim,—such an object of pity is, perhaps, to be found at the head of my adversaries.—‘Answer to the Birmingham Address, Sept. 26.’

## ADVERSITY.

I have experienced adversity in many of its most distressing calamities, and in some of its darkest hours; but I have always found that it never has passed away without leaving some moral benefit behind. Adversity usually compensates its immediate evils by its subsequent good, and its uses are, in numerous instances, so precious, that it

may often be regarded as prosperity under another name.  
—‘Answer to the Address from Stroud,’ Sept. 26.

#### PROVIDENCE.

The judgments of God are inscrutable, but mercy and goodness, which to our gross perceptions are sometimes invisible in their commencement, always palpably characterise their ultimate results. From the dark ways of Providence often issues a light, which convinces the understanding that the Almighty is not an indifferent spectator of human affairs; but that he notes the most minute deviations from individual rectitude, and that he weighs nations in the balance of righteousness.—‘Answer to the Address from the Gospel Church at Portsea.’

(To be continued.)

#### Londiniana,

No. XII.

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#### ON THE ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STREETS, &c.

VESTIGES AND ANECDOTES, COLLECTED FROM STOW, WEEVER,  
CAMDEN, AND OTHER ANTIQUARIES.

**CANNON STREET**, between *Budge Row* and *Eastcheap*.—In this street, says Stow, was a spacious building, some time belonging to the Prior of Torrington, in Sussex, afterward to the Earls of Oxford, and called Oxford Place, about the reign of Henry VII. But one of the most remarkable pieces of antiquity in London, is a large stone, now enclosed in a stone case, on the north side of Cannon Street, close under the wall of St. Swithen’s Church, and called ‘London Stone.’ It was pitched edgewise on the other side of the street, some years ago, facing the place it now stands in, fixed deep in the ground, and secured with iron bars. This stone has been carefully preserved from age to age, and is mentioned by the name of London Stone so early as the time of Ethelstan, King of the West Saxons; the original cause of its erection, or the use it was intended for, are entirely unknown, some supposing it a mark for the centre of the city within the walls, (but it is much nearer the Thames than the north wall of the city.) Others think it was there placed for the public tendering of money at, (prior to the Royal Exchange being built;) however, there is very little doubt but that it was designed for some particular purpose, and the most probable conjecture is, that as London was a Roman city, this stone might be the centre, and serve as a standard from which the number of miles were computed to other cities and stations in the province.

**Cheapside**, anciently called *Westcheap*.—Stow says this part of the city hath been very much raised, and gives an instance to prove his opinion, of one Tomlinson making a vault in Cheapside, at the corner of Bread Street, where was found, at fifteen feet deep, a fair pavement; and that it was seventeen feet deep before they came to the main ground. And on clearing the foundation of the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, the walls, with the windows and pavement, of a Roman temple, were found entirely buried below the level of the present street; and below this temple was discovered a Roman causeway of rough stone, four feet thick, close and firmly cemented. The ward is also called from the street, which he says had its name from a market-place here, formerly called West Cheaping. Here was also a cross, made by order of Edward I, whose Queen Eleanor, dying at Hareby, near Lincolnshire

her body was brought from thence to Westminster, and at every place where it rested by the way, the King caused a stately stone cross to be built, with the Queen’s image and arms on it; as at Grantham, Woburn, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Dunstable, St. Alban’s, Waltham, Tottenham, West Cheap, and Charing, afterwards Charing Cross. In the street of Cheapside, was also, about the year 1400, a standard, where several were executed, and there likewise stood a conduit.

**Cornhill**—says Stow, had its name from being a corn-market, time out of mind. A writer in the sixteenth century says, there stood here a spacious building, called the Pope’s Head Tavern, one of the most ancient of that calling he found in London; and that wine, about Henry the Seventh’s time, was sold there for one penny per pint, and that bread was given in the bargain. Stow thinks that it was anciently a prince’s palace. On the site of the present Mansion House, stood a market, called Stock’s Market, which, on the building of Fleet Market, the business of it was carried on there, in pursuance of an act of Parliament, which passed in 1766. Stock’s Market was a fine large market, chiefly for fruits, roots, and herbs. It had a very handsome marble statue of King Charles II, (his head uncovered,) on horseback, represented on a large and lofty pedestal, eighteen feet high, at Stock’s Market Conduit. This statue was given by Sir Robert Viner. Stow says it was formerly a market-place for flesh and fish; and that a pair of stocks for punishing offenders was there, from whence it had its name. This market was appointed by Henry Wallis, mayor in the year 1282, as being near the middle of the city; and in the year 1322, a decree was made by Hamond Chickwell, Mayor, that none should sell flesh or fish out of the markets of Bridge Street, Eastcheap, Old Fish Street, St. Nicholas’s Shambles, and Stock’s Market, under the penalty of forfeiting the same for the first offence, and for the second, loss of freedom. This was done by command of Edward II, in the first of his reign, and then this market was let to farm for 46l. 13s. 4d. per annum; and in the year 1507, it was let for 56l. 19s. 10d. per annum; and in the year 1543, there were here twenty-five boards for fishmongers, and eighteen stalls for butchers which, with 5l. 13s. 4d. for sixteen chambers, amounted to the yearly rent of 82l. 3s.

**Addle Street**,—between Wood Street, west, and Aldermanbury, (near the church,) east. Stow says it was so called from Adelstan, or Athelstan, who was crowned at Kingston-upon-Thames, in 920, died Oct. 17th, 940, at Gloucester, grandson to King Alfred. He had a palace here, and in ancient records it is called King Adel Street.

**Aldergate Street**—has its name from its antiquity, as being ealder, or older than Aldgate.

**Austin Friars**—on the northerly side of Bread Street, near the east end of Throgmorton Street. Here was a religious house, so called from Austin the monk, which was dissolved in the 13th Henry VIII, of which there are great remains to this day, having been converted into a Dutch or German Chapel.

**Aldermanbury**,—a spacious street between Cateaton Street, south, and London Wall, north. So called because the alderman’s court or bury was here kept; the Guildhall being on the east side of this street, near the place it now stands on.

**Aldgate High Street**,—so called from its being an old gate, and this street and ward from the gate.

*Almery*,—(vulgarly called *Ambery*,) Westminster, stands backward, on the southerly side of Tothil Street, near where the old gate house formerly stood. Stow says it was called *Elimosenary*; for that the alms of the abbey were here distributed to the poor. And therein *Islick*, Abbot of Westminster, erected the first common press for printing that ever was in England, towards the latter part of the fourteenth century.

*Barbican*,—a street between Aldersgate Street, westerly, and Red Cross Street, easterly. This was so called from a Pharos or Watch Tower formerly here, which, in the Saxon language, is called a *Barbican*.

*Basinghall Street*,—between Cateaton Street, south, and London Wall, north, (anciently called *Basishaw*,) so called from the family of the *Basings*, which was very considerable in London, about 1214.; and that the family had their mansion-house where *Blackwell Hall* formerly stood.

*Bevis Marks*—is a street between Bevis Lane, south-east, and Camomile Street, north-west, which, Stow says, is properly called *Buries Marks*; here having been formerly, *Brooks Court and Gardens*, belonging to the Abbot of Bury, in Suffolk.

*Blackfriars*—is the street between Ludgate Street, north, and the Thames, south. It was so called from the order of Black Friars, who removed hither from Holborn, about the year 1270. In the reign of Henry IV, the Parliament assembled here, and afterwards, in Henry the VIIth's reign; the lawfulness of which prince's marriage with Queen Catherine was here also brought in question, before Cardinal Wolsey and other judges; which cardinal was a short time after that in this place condemned by Parliament, and the house surrendered, in the 13th of Henry VIII.

*Boss Alley*,—on the south side of Thames Street, near Peter's Hill, a passage to the Thames; so called from the boss of spring water continually running, made by the executors of Sir Richard Whittington.

*Bow Lane*,—between Cheapside, by Bow Church, north, and Garlick Hill, south, was formerly called *Cordwainers' Street*, from the number of shoemakers and curriers living there.

*Bread Street*,—on the north side of Cheapside, about the middle. It was so called, as being a market for bread; for it appears by record, that in the year 1303, the bakers in London were not allowed to sell bread in their shops or houses, but in the market. Also one of the counters was here, till removed to Wood Street, in the year 1555.

*Bucklersbury*,—between the meeting of Cheapside, with the Poultry, west, and Walbrook, east. This, says Stow, is *Bucklersbury*, from one *Buckle*, who had a house and kept his court here; and before Walbrook was covered over, barges were towed from the Thames to *Buckle's Bury*. Here also Edward III had a house, wherein he had sometimes a mint for silver.

*Cateaton Street*,—between Lothbury, east, and Lad Lane, west. Stow calls it *Catte Street*.

*Chancery Lane*,—between Fleet Street, south, and Holborn, north. It was anciently called *New Street*.

*Charing Cross*,—so called from a cross here, made of stone, by order of Edward I, in memory of his Queen Eleanor. (Vide Cheapside.)

*Clerkenwell Close*,—on the south-west side of, and near to Clerkenwell Church Yard. This parish, says Stow, had its name from the parish clerks, who used to meet

here, at a well called *Clerks' Well*, annually, to represent some large historical part of Holy Scripture, by way of play, about the year 1400.

(To be continued.)

### Original Poetry.

#### EPIGRAM

*Occasioned by a Loyal and Affectionate Address.*

WHAT strange events may now take place,  
We common folk can't guess,  
For somewhat odd, though such the case,  
That Cowes, so very full of grace,  
Their glorious King address!  
Though 'tis the fashion, now-a-days,  
Of loyalty brimful,  
Methinks, by Johnny's *double* praise.  
That Cowes have made a *Bull*!

Oct. 2, 1820.

O. F.

#### THE LAMENT OF OWEN.

THE day is gone our hearts deemed good,  
The strife of death is o'er:  
And deeds of gallant hardihood  
Must now be known no more.  
The raven now for food will croak,  
And raise his cry in vain,  
He'll see not from his lonely oak  
The banquet of the plain.  
The bow must hang upon the tree,  
The spear upon the wall,  
And only in our memory  
May we such days recall.  
The steed within his stall shall stand,  
And idly paw the stone,—  
And helm and hauberk, axe and brand,  
Aside shall now be thrown.  
And idly flapping to the wind,  
Our banner shall be hung;  
And that bright horn a rest shall find,  
Whose notes so loudly rung.  
Farewell, the glorious clash of steel,  
The war-cry of the free,—  
The trample of the charger's heel,  
The shout of victory.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

#### TO ANNA.

COULD you think for a moment, dear Anna, 'twas true,  
When told I preferred a sweet flower to you;  
Oh never; believe me! tho' many I've found,  
Whose beauty and sweetness my senses have bound  
With their magic awhile, yet ne'er did I see,  
A flower half so lovely, dear Anna, as thee!  
Once three lovely rose-buds I met with, that hung  
So beauteous from one parent stem, and so young,  
All who saw them admired, and considered divine,—  
Lucilla and Flora and sweet Caroline;  
But, tho' great was their beauty and sweetness, the three  
Could not boast half the charms, dearest Anna, of thee.  
When first I beheld thee, thy loveliness stole,  
With a softness, a sweetness, so quick o'er my soul,  
And threw o'er my sense such a magical spell,  
That for e'er in my heart, thy fond image shall dwell;  
For ne'er, midst the beauties I've met, did I see  
A flower half so lovely, dear Anna, as thee!

XIV.

## WIT.

BY J. D. POMPOUSTITLE PUFFTRIFLE.

WHAT is wit?—a mental spark  
Shooting thro' Care's world so dark,  
At which you smile and list to mark  
In laughter.  
'Tis the beauty of life's cinder;  
'Tis the essence of love's tinder;  
And who so feels it, cannot hinder  
His laughter.  
'Tis the bursting of a thought  
Into bright obedience brought,  
By the spirit's fancy wrought  
For laughter.  
Sometimes wounding,—sometimes easing;  
Sometimes carping,—trifling, teasing;—  
Quick and piercing,—solly seizing  
With laughter.  
O virtuous wit!—forsake us never,—  
Friend of the humourous and clever,  
And we will freely give thee ever  
Life's laughter.

## VENUS.

THERE was a bower, form'd of the willow  
Whose pendant branches quietly sipp'd the stream  
That murmur'd at its feet. Many a flower  
Of new-born beauty grew with fragrance there,  
The rose, the jasmin, and the eglantine  
Mixt their delicious sweets; the zephyrs flew  
And caught them, while escaping from the buds,  
To fan and scent the air. Nought lovelier  
Human eyes beheld. It chanced, one eve, the time  
The feather'd tribe, to taste the soothing balm  
Of sleep, to groves repair, and golden rays  
Grow fainter where the sun has disappeared;  
That Venus came the lucid coolness of  
The bower to breathe, when every noise was hush'd.  
Down on the flow'ry bank she stretch'd along  
Clad only in the snowy robe that nature gave;  
Her beauteous bosom, soft as is the down  
On a dove's breast, and fairer than the ray  
Of midnight's lamp, glow'd with ecstatic fire,  
And throbb'd with love's own rapture. Then her eyes,  
Of diamonds blaze, shot their delightful rays,  
So languishingly sweet, that all seem'd heaven  
On which their brilliance fell; her pouting lips,  
Like coral, O! what nectar glitter'd there,  
Lit with the lustre of her own bright orbs!  
The light breezes fann'd her auburn locks about,  
And twined themselves among her wanton tresses.  
O! and her form, so exquisitely beautiful,  
So ivory-turned, so fair, so smooth her skin,  
That nature surely lent her cunning'st art  
In forming what was lovely!  
I deem'd she slept,  
When from her liquid eyes such lightning flash'd,  
That, 's if by necromantic spell, I felt  
The shaft of rapture pierce my heart, and,  
Like the vernal blossoms scatter'd by the breeze  
Of winter on the barren waste, my senses flew.

WILFORD.

## To J. R. P.

IN REPLY TO THE POEM ENTITLED 'DOUBLE ENTENDRE,' WHICH  
APPEARED IN THE LITERARY CHRONICLE, OF SEPT. 30.

I SAID not that I could forget  
The maid whose love first gave me rapture;  
But time, shame, coldness, scorn, regret,  
Have made me own a second capture.

The gentle and confiding maid,  
With whose rare charms my heart is smitten,  
Blamed not my worthless song, but weigh'd  
The motive with which it was written.

You might have viewed with harsher eye  
The faults you saw so great and many,—  
The harshness—the frigidity,—  
The contradiction—worse than any!  
But 'tis unkind, in these your strains,  
Of mingled strength, and scorn, and beauty,  
To say I'd break affection's chains,  
Or lack a sense of lover's duty.

Sept. 30th, 1820.

J. W. DALBY.

## Fine Arts.

MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE OF CHRIST'S ENTRY  
INTO JERUSALEM.'By merit rais'd  
To that high Eminence.'

MILTON.

IT was for centuries supposed that the refined elegancies, which we are accustomed to designate by the title of the fine arts, would not flourish, if transplanted from the more congenial climates of the south, to our rugged soil; it was thought that the hazy atmosphere of our island had as great an effect upon the imaginative faculties as the Bœotian fogs: and that, however an Englishman might be capable of close reasoning and sound deductions, his soul was not attuned to vibrate to the harmony of more elegant enjoyments. It remained for later ages to declare that here, as well as beneath the milder influence of Italian skies,—

' Sculpture and her sister arts revive,  
' Stones leap to life, and rocks begin to live.'

But we must not forget the steps by which our English school of painting has been raised to an eminence, equal, if not superior, to that of any other European nation, nor must we neglect to cherish the emulous flame which is awakening in the bosoms of our native artists. The numerous Institutions among us for the laudable purpose of raising our national character, as lovers of the arts, have met with ample success; and the melioration of public taste, as well as of individual skill, promises a zenith of resplendent talent of which we may be justly proud. Of this talent the public has now a splendid specimen in Mr. Haydon's Picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, and although it is not without its faults, its merits are so undoubtedly great as almost to compensate for them. Mr. Haydon has, in the very outset, burst through the fetters of Academic Rule; and, we think, justifiably, since consistently with that rule, the stupendous scene which is the subject of this picture, could not adequately be represented. The painter has chosen a high horizon, by which means he has been enabled to present to the spectator the immense concourse which, with loud hosannahs, attend the meek progress of the humble Saviour. We confess we think the occasion demands the innovation, since, in no other way, could we be led to identify the scene with that described by the inspired writings, unless by the imposing spectacle of a living ocean of heads, extending along the defile as far as the eye can reach: nor do we think that Mr. Haydon has failed in the delineation; the warm effulgence of a glowing eastern sky, reflected upon the light turban'd drapery of the oriental

costume, so well according with the exhilarating occasion, is yet sufficiently softened by the aerial tint, to place this part of the picture in its proper subordination to the principal groupe, upon which Mr. Haydon seems to have exerted the greatest talent, accompanied by the most mature deliberation. To the principal figure, however, in this groupe we cannot give our decided approbation; the object intended by Mr. Haydon seems to have been good, but the performance cannot be considered equal to the intention. The light hair, eye-brows, and beard of the Messiah give an insipidity to the face, which the look of vacant ecstasy (otherwise perhaps good) does not tend to enliven.—It consequently wants—

‘That ray  
Of mind, that makes the features play,  
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day—’

Another fault in this figure is the yellow colour of the vest, which admits of so little contrast with the flesh tints as to deprive the right hand of that prominence which the action demands. The beautiful animal upon which the Saviour is seated is drawn with a grace and coloured with a fidelity which prove it to be designed from nature. The composition of the rest of the picture, we conceive, could hardly have been surpassed; we cannot imagine the personages introduced to have acted in a different manner from that in which they do under the pencil of Mr. Haydon. The episode of the penitent daughter is introduced with great feeling and delicacy, and her figure as well as face is touched in the most exquisite tone; the face particularly bears the impress of a master hand, in which, though partly concealed by her slender fingers, we can almost fancy we see ‘the thousand blushing apparitions’ spreading rapidly over her neck and bosom, already half suffused by a sense of shame for past offences. The mother, also, by whom she suffers her right hand to be raised in supplication, does great credit to the delicate execution and knowledge of expression displayed by the painter. The centurion, too, presenting his civic crown and sword, is well drawn, his sinewy neck and close curling hair, bespeaking the matchless strength of the Roman, (evidently formed in the model of the Farnese Hercules,) form a striking contrast both in design and colouring to the pallid and upturned countenance of the Canaanitish woman, who, breathing forth in a sigh the speechless language of gratitude, spreads her garment before the path of her Saviour and her Lord.—The sparkling enthusiasm of Jairus, dedicating his daughter and her future life to him from whom she had a second time received it, form a striking feature in the foreground, and the youthful countenance and speaking eyes of Saint John, together with the portraits of Newton, Voltaire, and Wordsworth, complete the picture. The reasonable piety of our English philosopher, forms a fine contrast to the sceptical Voltaire, ‘the laughing devil of whose sneers,’ is again counteracted by the meek devotion of Wordsworth, in whom the bending head and hands crost upon the breast present to the imagination,—

‘The sighs breath'd  
Unutterable, which the spirit of pray'r  
Inspir'd, and wing'd to heav'n with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory.’

The knowledge of chiaro oscuro displayed in this painting is very great, and the figure of Christ just entering from the open air beneath the arch of palms, is preserved in its proper consequence by the shadows which they cast

upon the more forward groupes. The little scenery introduced is grand; and its peculiar character is marked by the white structures, which, seen as they are between the palm trees, throw the dark mountain upon which the city is seated, to its proper distance. The only general defect in this picture is its false glitter, which had been better exchanged for a degree of ‘that solemnity of hue,’ to use the words of Mr. Fuseli, ‘that sober twilight,—that air of cloistered meditation, which has been so often recommended as the proper tone of historic colour;’ and which so strongly characterises the other productions of Mr. Haydon’s pencil. Upon the whole, we were much gratified by this painting, and as we think Mr. Haydon’s judgment and taste will lead him to an avoidance of his prevailing faults in future, we are happy to hail his appearance as a brilliant addition to the galaxy which already sheds its splendours on the arts of Great Britain. P.

### The Drama.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—*The Comedy of Errors*, which was revived with so much success last season, was performed on Saturday evening; Miss Greene was the Adriana, and sustained the part extremely well. The original attraction of this lady was the power of her voice; but it is remarked, that she does not give full scope to its volume and compass, as on her first appearance. This, we doubt not, is the result of the most judicious advice, and will soon amply repay the momentary sacrifice of mere effect, by the sweetness, purity, and solidity of tone which she will acquire from it. Several of the solos were given by her with perfectly good taste, and with the happiest seizure of the spirit in which they were composed. It is no small advantage to her that her speaking voice and deportment on the stage strongly manifest the habits and breeding of a lady. Farren and Liston were the Dromios. Nothing can be more unlike than the physiognomy of those intended counterparts, but nothing more similar than the sagacity with which they seized upon the characteristic humour of their dialogue. The dissimilitude of face was, however, too palpable. The ancient stage had an obvious superiority in plays of this order, which were as popular in Greece as in Italy. Where the actors wore masks, the likeness might be complete, and the equivocques, blunders, and chicaneries probable. The cast of the remaining characters was the same that we had been accustomed to witness on the former representations of the piece.

### Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

M. Michael, mechanist, residing at Offenbach, has contrived a machine, simple in its construction, and not bulky, by which a river may be crossed, and even the sea navigated, without danger of drowning. It is nearly five feet in diameter, when fully drawn out. An excavation of one foot three inches in depth, is the place of reception for the voyager. The machine may easily be transported from one place to another, as it does not weigh above five pounds. The inventor has tried it on the Rhine, with perfect success. He can direct its movements at pleasure, and without any great efforts, and that in all directions.

M. Lannerman, a skilful gardener, has introduced into

Ghent, from some foreign country, a potatoe of a species not known on the continent. Having planted it, the crop produced 2160 pounds of potatoes, every stalk yielding fifteen or eighteen pounds. The form is oblong, colour red, and quality excellent.

M. Dussuel, captain of a French frigate, has invented a simple mode of supplying the loss of a rudder at sea. An experiment has been made at Brest, on board the frigate the Cleopatra, and, according to the report of M. Mallet, the captain, the apparatus was completed in thirty minutes, when no difference appeared in the celerity of the ship's motions, nor in the facility of management. It is likewise easy to set up, and fix on board.

A posthumous work of Brugnatelli, Professor in the University, has been published at Pavia, with the title of 'Human Lithology,' forming a collection of chymical and medical researches, relative to the stony substances found in the human body. This publication is the result of twenty years' labour, and merits the attention not only of medical practitioners, but of the curious in general. It is embellished with plates, comprising a large collection of calculi, carefully stored by the author, during his long practise. The different configurations of these, drawn out in their natural size, are stated to be taken with the greatest accuracy. Some are shaped like a pin, others like an ear of corn, and some are about the size of a goose's egg. To investigate the interior structure of the calculi, it was necessary to cut some of them in the middle; an operation which the author happily executed. The designs in the plates represent very distinctly, the gradual process of stratification, in different layers, from the surface to the centre.

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIUS.

**Bon Mot.**—What frequenter of the Theatre Français does not know that venerable father whom nature has so happily formed to represent Scipio Nasica. This nasal Aristarchus, after having, as one of the committee of criticism, heard read the comedy of a young author, frequently observed, 'This is bad—affection, young man, one should write as he speaks.' 'Then,' said the poet, 'you must write—*through your nose*.'

**Good Humour at Court.**—At a drawing-room, in 1794, Lord Cavan and several other officers were presented to her late Majesty on their return from the Continent. As they had not received any late promotion, they did not conceive that to kiss hands was any part of the ceremony. The Queen, however, stood forth in the circle offering her hand. A dead silence prevailed for some moments. The ladies at length began to titter—the gentlemen bowed and blushed—the Marquis of Salisbury was, as usual, pale and erect. He literally *stood alone*. Her Majesty, at length, with infinite good humour, asked—'if it was polite to suffer a lady to remain so long in offering her favours.' The gentlemen of course overlooking the punctilious point of ceremony, instantly knelt and kissed the royal hand thus complaisantly offered.

**Literary Conjectures.**—A country newspaper, speaking of anonymous publications, says that Mr. Luttrell is the author of 'Advice to Julia,' Messrs. Lockhart and Wilson of 'Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,' Mr. J. Sercombe Luke of the 'Eleventh Canto of Don Juan,' a sister of Mrs. Siddons of divers novels, under the name of Anne of Swansea; the niece of the Rev. Stafford Smith, of a novel called 'The House that Jack Built, or the Revealer of Secrets'; Mr. Thomas Hope, of 'Anastasius,' and Mr. J. S. Boone, of the Oxford Spy.' The same journal adds, what is very well known, viz. that Dr. Combe is the author of 'Dr. Syntax,' and what is more than questionable, that the Scottish novels are written by a Dr. Greenfield, formerly of Edinburgh.

**Comparative Morality of different Counties in England and Wales.**—The following interesting table, from Mr. Myers's 'New System of Geography,' shows the proportion which the number of persons committed to prison, in each county in England and Wales, bears to the whole population; and thus illustrates the influence of local circumstances on the morals of the people. The average of the commitments is taken for thirteen years, viz. from 1805 to 1817, inclusive, and the population, as stated in the returns of 1811:—

Counties.	One in	Counties.	One in	Counties.	One in
Angelsea.....	18,522	Flint.....	8399	Northumberl.	3037
Bedford.....	2638	Glamorgan.....	4551	Nottingham...	1694
Berks.....	1618	Gloucester.....	1834	Oxford.....	2161
Brecon.....	3384	Hants.....	1230	Pembroke.....	5669
Bucks.....	2562	Hereford.....	1438	Radnor.....	3672
Cambridge.....	2385	Herts.....	1636	Rutland.....	2696
Cardigan.....	13,612	Huntingdon...	1431	Salop.....	2268
Carmarthen....	7348	Kent.....	1385	Somerset.....	1360
Caernarvon ...	9867	Lancaster.....	1083	Stafford.....	1988
Chester.....	1638	Leicester.....	2161	Suffolk.....	1731
Cornwall.....	4287	Lincoln.....	2164	Surrey.....	1261
Cumberland...	3904	Merioneth ..	13,777	Sussex.....	2422
Denbigh.....	7077	Middlesex.....	588	Warwick.....	988
Derby.....	3435	Monmouth...	2469	Westmoreland...	5642
Devon.....	1990	Montgomery..	3534	Wilts.....	1969
Dorset.....	2292	Norfold.....	1809	Worcester .....	1668
Durham.....	4337	Northampton..	2045	York.....	3002
Essex.....	1435				

For the whole of England, the proportion is one to 1413; for Wales, one in 6213; and for both England and Wales, one in 1554.

### Lines to Drury.

Mourn, Drury! mourn thy half deserted scene,  
Thy triumph once, thy sorrow now is Kean;  
And, in fresh gloom to wrap thy setting day,  
Lost is thy other son, extinct thy Rae:  
Hope's anchor rais'd, her swelling sails unfurl'd,  
*This seeks 'another,'—that 'a better world!'*

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### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The third Quarterly Part of the present year's volume is now ready for delivery, price 6s. 6d.

The communications of J. R. P., D. M., and Xty, have been received, and are intended for insertion.

We have this day inserted a second Critique on Mr. Haydon's Historical Picture, deeming a work which cost an artist six years of labour, worthy of a double notice in our columns.

Erratum : p. 623, col. 1, line 28, for 'Balta' read 'Malta.'

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